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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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WHAT 'S IN IT?

THAT 'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS WHICH NO FELLOW CAN FIND OUT.

PUCK.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The London *Times* has actually said a clever thing. This may be a startling announcement, but it will be credited when we add that it took a dynamite explosion to bring out the cleverness. Here is the extract:

"The Fenian answer to Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Land Act has not been long delayed. We are in the presence of the first attempt of the dynamite party to carry out a policy of bringing the war into the heart of London."

This is not only neat, but true. It really sums up the situation. This is the Fenian "answer" to everything—to appeal, expostulation, argument—the answer of brute force. "We want our Independence!" cry the Land-Leaguers. "But," England objects: "even were we disposed to relinquish our control of you, how could we hope to live in peace with such a lawless people as yours for our nearest neighbors?" "Lawless!" shrieks the indignant League: "where's the man that will call us lawless? Lawless, begorra! Let's see him! We'll dynamite him! Lawless, are we? We'll assassinate the man that says it; we'll assassinate his wife and his children, and we'll cut the legs off his cow, so we will! Lawless, is it?"

These are the "patriots" who wish to be allowed to govern themselves. Why, the Mormon is a civilized and self-restrained child of civilization by the side of these people. They are not even a law unto themselves—they are an incarnation of lawlessness, swayed by every gust of passion, scarcely answerable even to their own cloudy intellects. A maniac can lead them, an angel could not drive them. The first to complain of persecution, they are the first to persecute. Angered by the barest show of superior force, they turn to hedgerow assassination, to midnight murder, to the bomb, the torch and the dagger, for the redress of every grievance. Disappointed because they are not allowed to have the toy of an impossible independence to play with, they sulk like bad children and refuse to be happy. Their savings-banks overflowing with money, their land given at absurdly low rents, their landlords

robbed of just dues by an infamous communistic measure, forced upon a foolishly compliant Government, they still fill their land with murder and rapine, and cry out that Ireland bleeds. She does—but she herself shed the blood.

Now is it not shameful that this country of common-sense should, alone of all the world, give some show of countenance to this farcical cause and its tragical propaganda? We do not say that the people of the country really do countenance anything of the sort; but they tolerate those who aid and abet the evil. This is a peaceable country, bound by a treaty to preserve a strict neutrality toward another great country. Yet our country harbors, and tacitly encourages, the rebel foes of that other country. This country permits the printing and publishing of incendiary newspapers, the holding of incendiary meetings; it spreads its protection over every incendiary tramp who chooses to take out his papers of citizenship and travel back and forth between America and Ireland, carrying disorder and discontent with him wherever he goes. Is this neutrality or good faith?

Oh, the brave and generous Irish nation! We ought to sympathize with them, we Americans. We have seen something of their courage and generosity of late years. Who have, twice within the memory of this generation, filled our city's streets with howling, negro-hanging, house-gutting mobs? Who are responsible for the infamous misgovernment of this same city? Whom have we to thank for Tammany Hall, as it is to-day? And, speaking of Tammany Hall, why would it not be well to utilize that noble pile for the burial as well as for the general political benefit of the brave and generous Irish people? The brave and generous gentlemen who are killed in street-brawls, and the brave and generous gentlemen who, having killed them, are in turn—well, now and then—killed by the hand of the law—do not they mostly belong to that brave and generous nation? Why should they not have fitting sepulture in that temple of liberty which protects and cares for them while they are alive? 'Twould be indeed a goodly record, even in ruins, to leave to that New Zealander of Macaulay's, who, when he has sketched the architectural remains of St. Paul's, will no doubt cross the ocean to find some trace of the ancient ascendancy of a brave and generous but expatriated people, in a land where the inhabitants knew neither how to govern themselves nor how to govern the stranger within their gates.

Many people used to think that it must be a very fine thing to be an Emperor, a Czar, a King, or a Prince. There are probably some who are still of this opinion, although recent events and the general condition of affairs in Europe have done much to alter their ideas on the subject. From every country that is governed by monarchical institutions, we hear of the existence of hundreds and thousands of people whose avowed purpose is to upset the existing state of things.

To call these people simply rioters, or to dismiss them contemptuously from our minds as crazy, will not do. There is something much deeper underlying all this agitation. Whatever they are, Nihilists in Russia, Irredentists in Italy, Socialists in Germany, or members of the Black Hand in Spain and Portugal, the same end is sought to be achieved by all. The mined ground on which royalty and hereditary aristocracy stand, waiting, as it were, for the spark that is to blow them out of existence, is

a protest against the continuance of these barbarous, useless and demoralizing institutions.

The French Revolution very nearly settled the question of royalty throughout the world; but it was accompanied by so many horrible atrocities that a reaction ensued, and consequently European civilization has submitted to monarchy for another hundred years. Whether the lapse of another century will see a monarch on any existing throne is more than doubtful. It would be folly to say that to abolish Kings and nobility would bring happiness to every individual in a State. But it would certainly be a step toward giving the rank and file in the community some share in the Government, which they do not fully enjoy under existing circumstances.

It would certainly be the means of saving millions of money now used for the purpose of keeping a number of very commonplace persons in extravagant luxury. Royalty does not exist in this country, and still the people suffer from many of the evils which afflict older countries; but with all the notorious corruption which seems almost part of our political system, the principle of our Republican Government is a correct one, while the principle of the monarchies is criminally and utterly wrong. Social adjustments will come when the true principles of political economy are better understood. We are on the right track, even if we have not reached the goal; while Europe, with her potentates and her revolutionists, is threatened with anarchy.

Well, we have got our tariff; and a very beautiful tariff it is to anybody who can understand all its provisions. Looking at it from all points of view, we have made the calculation that it will enable about eighteen thousand people to make perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars more a year. Half-a-dozen men may increase their annual income by twenty thousand dollars, and seven hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-eight persons will be obliged to spend two dollars and a half more every Christmas. President Arthur would have done well to have vetoed this useless Tariff Bill, which does nothing, which settles nothing; but we never expected very much from President Arthur, and we are not disappointed.

O Dave,
You were very brave
To go and marry
And not to longer tarry
And mingle
With the single.
O Ex-Vice-President,
You will ever be a resident
Of the great heart of America—
You will, alas,
From Cal. to the village of Billerica, Mass.

O Dave,
You are no knave;
You are a man
Colossal for to scan;
And we don't hesitate to say,
In our usual good-natured way,
That you are an honor to this grand
Land.

Therefore,
Without giving any why or wherefore,
PUCK
Congratulates
The Senator from the Western States
On his unusual and extraordinarily good luck,
In capturing such a darling, such a daisy
little duck.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

When the pneumonia bloweth whither it listeth—

When the ordinarily non-excitable asparagus loses its head—

When the days grow longer and the tailor's patience shorter—

When the first faint violets bloom on the spring poet's grave—

When the advertising-agent tempers the column-rule to the clothing-dealer—

When the peripatetic Hibernian puts a peruke of sods on the bald grass-plot—

When March zephyrs stir up last year's deposits of hair-pins under the Long Branch bathing-houses—

When the poet goes out to find the fresh rhodora in the woods, and discovers fresher diphtheria instead—

When the speculator takes in his sign of "Coal-Dealer," and hangs out a placard bearing the legend, "Houses to Let"—

When the wife's bill for an appropriation of one hundred dollars for her Easter bonnet is ordered to a third reading—

When the policeman takes his white helmet Derby, and examines it to ascertain if it will last through another summer—

When the country humorist comes forth with jokes about the short-cake as big as a cheese supplied with one strawberry—

When the ambitious rifleman goes out and practises on swallows, to prepare himself for next summer's Creedmoor matches—

When the cow files a gimlet-crook on the end of her south horn, in order to be able to reach through and unlatch the garden gate—

When the western humorist discontinues his paper, and starts out to travel with a circus side-show as the Hairy Aztec of the Andes—

When the boy howls: "Jack Rozeez!" on the streets, and a belated blizzard comes booming merrily along and nips all his stock-in-trade—

When the suburban beer-seller takes in the evergreen that stood in front of his door in a beveled tub all winter, and sets out a magnolia in its stead—

When the hen sneaks into the garden and rakes up the rare exotics, while she never deigns to dally with the ten-cent plants that have just been set out—

When the small boy puts away his snow-shovel and sharpens up the sickle, in order to be ready to cut your grass for five cents when the time arrives—

When the young man says "Heads, Maud, tails, Arabella," and tosses up a nickel, and afterward finds out that they are both engaged, and won't have him—

When the boarding-house-keeper begins to treat her flock to spring lettuce that looks like a compromise between a German cabbage and an Irish Christmas-tree—

When the Italian packs away his chestnut-roaster, and puts a set of saints on his head, and travels around and swaps them off for the clothes that the farmer will need very much next winter—

When the blithesome small boy feels the invigorating spirit of spring, and skips across the airy meadow to pluck the first buttercups, and steps in a ditch and keeps going in until his ears stop him—

When the office-boy once more chooses the hydrant-top as a good place to sit on when you send him out with a check five minutes before banking hours and he wants to read the *Boy's Weekly Cuddler*—

When the garbage collector lifts the airy ash-can high in the air, and the vagrant zephyr, fraught with the light fragrance of the first Hoboken primrose, powders the passing lady's seal-skin sacque—

And

When the poet's soul is so sweetly inspired by the first birds and blossoms that he writes an "Ode for Decoration Day," which is too late to get into a magazine this year, but which he sells, if he can, for next—

Then you may know that B. Spring is near at hand.

SOON WILL the apple-blossoms fall

Upon the grasses in the mall,

And soon will grow the apple green;

And then the small boy will be seen,

All curled up in a painful ball.

IF YOU want to know whether music really soothes the soul, ask the itinerant musician who plays under your window and wears a waterproof cap—not out of any distrust of the theory, but as a measure of precaution.

Puckerings.

THEY ARE going to have a little six-by-nine Shakspeare festival in Cincinnati, and Bartley Campbell wants to know when his time is coming.

TIMES HAVE changed. Three or four thousand years ago Ex-Senator Davis, from his gigantic size, would have been called Goliath—in these degenerate days he is simply christened David.

THERE IS a movement on foot to transfer the capital of Pennsylvania from Harrisburgh to Philadelphia. But it seems to us that the politicians ought to be hanged before they are buried.

THE LATEST diversion agony is to ask your friends to "draw a cat," and, as the result of this little diversion, the average young lady has an album full of sketches that resembles the hieroglyphic diary of a dying dipsomaniac.

IT is all well enough for the philosopher to stand up and say to his fellow-man: "Bear little trials patiently that you may learn how to bear great ones;" but we fail to see the practical as plainly as the poetical beauty of it, inasmuch as many a man stands a trial in which his life is involved with heroic calmness, but floats off into a sea of gloom and sadness that words cannot describe when, after arriving at a reception, he discovers that he has forgotten to put a pair of cuffs on.

"THE GOOD things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired. The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity fortitude, which, in morals, is the more heroic virtue." This is very true, Mr. Bacon; and it will be a great source of consolation for people in the country when they know that a circus is shortly to come off, and that it will be impossible for them to raise sufficient money to purchase a ticket.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH once remarked or wrote, we have forgotten which, that none but the guilty can be long and completely miserable. But Oliver was wrong. We know a man who is not guilty of anything, and yet he is completely miserable. This is how he came to be miserable. The other day he went out in the garden with a long pole to knock a hornets' nest out of a tree-crotch, in order to put a bird-house in its stead. If Goldsmith had met him about three-quarters of a second after he probed that hornets' nest, he would never have said to the world: "None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable."

THE SWALLOW sits on the telegraph wire,
All desolate and alone,

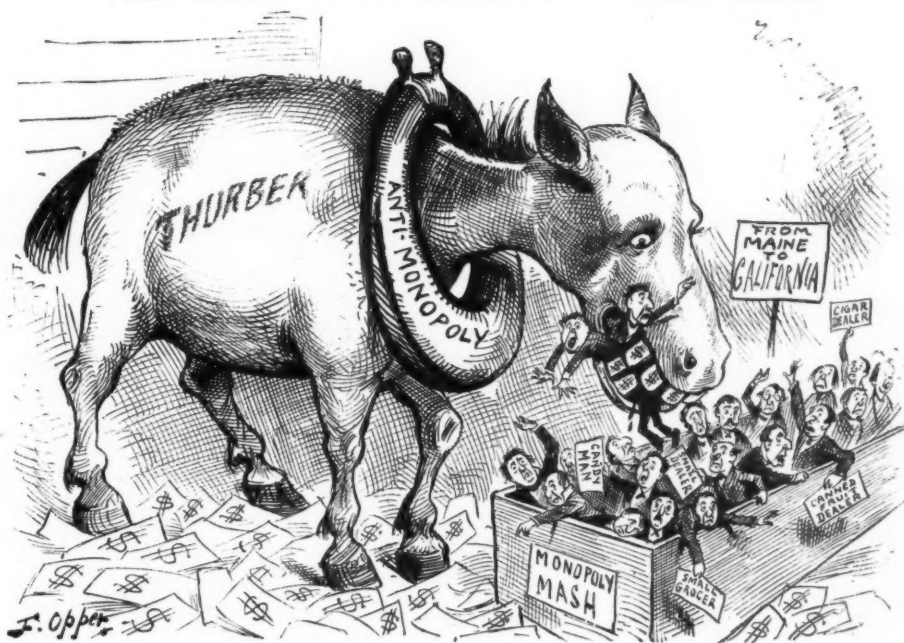
And pays no attention to the boy
Who thinks it is the acme of bliss and joy
To hurl at the bird a stone;

For the bird sits there and swings,
And pleasantly flaps its wings,
And smiles at the happy boy,
And murmurs: "What d'ye soy?"

And several other things.
Which satisfies the boy
That the bird he does n't annoy;
So, terribly quick
He getteth sick
And beginneth to kick.

And the birdlet feels so gay
That it bows in a pleasant way,
And says to the boy: "Good-day!"
And flies
To the skies.

THE GREAT "ANTI-MONOPOLY" SELF-FEEDER.



NO WONDER HE IS FAT.

THE ANGRY TREE.

All the wonderful things come from Australia. Not the least of them is an "angry tree," one of which is growing on a farm in Virginia, Nev., and is eight feet high. It is a very sensitive creature and hates to be mauled about. Another of these trees was placed in the garden of a prominent political capitalist in the immediate vicinity of New York.

For a time it was very sulky and refused to hold up its head. It gradually got accustomed to its surroundings, but its temper did not improve. One fine day the gardener attempted to remove the tree from the pot in which it was originally placed to a larger one, whereupon the tree doubled up its fist and hit out straight from the shoulder, blacking the gardener's eye and knocking him speechless.

The gardener, who had in his youth taken lessons in sparring from Jem. Mace, soon recovered himself, and caught his irate antagonist a blow on its forehead.

But the tree was too much for him. It got his head in chancery, and then threw him in a duck-pond about a hundred feet distant.

After the gardener had changed his clothes, he informed his employer of the way in which he had been treated, and steps were taken to punish the plant for its violence. A dozen men succeeded in chaining it down, after a desperate struggle, and two or three Sing-Sing keepers proceeded to paddle the tree until it piteously shrieked for mercy.

A hundred blows were dealt on its bare trunk, and then the tree was put in the dark cell of the green-house, on rations of dry bread and water.

On apologizing for its bad conduct, it was once more removed to the open air. But the gardener was not a man who could easily forget, much less forgive, an injury.

The way he persecuted that poor tree was truly dreadful. Never did he allow it a moment's rest. He would pelt it with bread-balls and sing "Pinafore" to it for hours. He would recite long poems on spring in its presence, until life became almost unendurable, and its leaves would begin to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat.

The tree now frequently had thoughts of suicide, and made several efforts to get to a neighboring drug store without being seen, to buy some Paris green; but it never got the chance.

As years rolled on, the temper of the tree improved, so that it almost wept with grief when the gardener died. It became quite a companion to the proprietor of the country-house, who was no other than Samuel J. Tilden. The chains that bound its obstreperous trunk to the ground were no longer needed. They were rusty and useless.

Mr. Tilden and his tree would take long walks together, and discuss the political situation over liqueur-glasses of green Chartreuse. They became devoted friends. When the tree fell into balmy slumber, its leaves would fold together and the ends of the tender twigs would coil up. One purple summer afternoon the "angry tree" folded its leaves and quietly departed this life. The funeral was largely attended. No more will the merry laugh of the leaves of its tender twigs be heard.

Requiescat in pace.

V.

WHEN NEXT July doth bring the tramp,
Out goes the two-cent bank-check stamp.

THE FRENCH are going to put up a monument to Berlioz, the composer. We suggest that the mortar be moistened with the blood of slaughtered organ-grinders.

INSECT POWDER.

FROM THE PERSIAN—BY PUCK'S PATENT HAFIZ.

NEVER DECEIVE your mother-in-law.

A WOMAN'S TRUNK is never packed.

NEVER DESPISE a bad coat—curse the tailor.

YOUTH is a curable disease, but freshness is practically immortal.

THE PHYLLOXERA is the only consistent apostle of total abstinence.

STRIKE WHILE the iron is hot, and you run the risk of having the sparks put your eyes out.

THE DIAMOND is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobble-stone in a free fight.

IT is nobler to owe the Government four millions of dollars than a washer-woman fifty cents.

IF you don't give a cow water she gives no milk; but the more water a milkman has the less milk he gives.

NEVER JUDGE the merits of an actress by the diamonds that are stolen from her on the street by dastard villains.

THE CABBAGE is a less pleasing quadruped than the rose; but the rose is at a discount when corned-beef is in season.

THE SUMMER skies are sometimes overcast; but no one ever heard of the Government putting too much metal into a standard dollar.

THOUGHT is swift. Thought cannot be controlled. This last is the only thing that hinders our engaging Thought as an office-boy.

FOOLS RUSH in where angels fear to tread. Any thoroughly qualified seraph knows enough to avoid the Congressional end of a mule.

"TAKE CARE of the useful, and the beautiful will take care of itself." This is what the fond and numerous father remarked when he married off his ugliest daughter first.

"I NEVER POET of roses in the spring-time," remarked Saadi, as he put ink over the yellow stain on his well-worn Derby: "Thirty cents a bud knocks the fire of genius out of me."

THE WIND is commonly and poetically called a vagrant. This is probably the reason why, in the country, they catch it in wind-mills, and set it to work pumping water for railroad tanks.

LOBSTERS, IT is reported, are scarce and dear. This shows that the crustaceans are cultivating a decent dignity, and have some ambition to occupy the lofty position of the strawberry and the asparagus-plant.

ADDRESS A postal-card to "John Smith," paste the blank side on the wall, and the Seer of Jerusalem will come along at the head of an army, if necessary, and raze the building to ascertain what is on the back of that card.

ONE-HALF OF a sheet of paper may record the glowing thoughts of the poet, and the other half may fall into the hands of his washer-woman, and be used by her to make out his bill on. This is what is called the irony of Fate.

"THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!"

—Shakspeare.



CIVIL SERVICE IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

DAVID'S HONEYMOON.



CUPID:—"THIS IS THE TOUGHEST JOB I EVER UNDERTOOK!"

HIS AWFUL FALL.

He looked weary, broken-hearted and hungry, as he walked up to the entrance of the first residence he came to. He had on a slouch hat that hung down over his eyes, and a coat that was so faded that you couldn't tell whether it was originally old-gold or bottle-green. He hadn't been shaved for over a week, and his shoes were four sizes too large for him and fastened on with bits of hay-rope. When the servant came to the door he took off his hat, bowed diplomatically, and said:

"I've been a little unfortunate lately, and I just thought—"

"We haven't any cold victuals to-day," responded the servant-girl.

"I don't want anything to eat until I have earned it," said the caller, humbly.

The servant was about to shut the door, when the old fellow said:

"Ain't you going to give me no show to earn a meal?"

The servant didn't reply, and was about to close the door when her mistress happened to come through the hall. Before she could turn to ascend the stairs the tramp attracted her attention.

"I just thought I'd drop in and see if I could earn a little su'thin' to eat; I'm pretty powerful on the work."

"We haven't anything for you," said the lady, drawing back a little, as though frightened.

"I want work," responded His Trampship: "that is what I want. Haven't you got something I can do? I feel very much like doing a dinner's worth of honest toil. I am horny-handed and full of ambition."

"I have nothing for you to do," replied the lady.

"Just let me saw a little wood for you; I can saw wood like chain-lightning. When I let go of the saw, my back and arms do the sawing movement for about fifteen minutes. Sometimes I have to be held. Just lead me forth to the wood-pile, and I will reduce it to kindling-wood so fast that you will open your eyes in mute astonishment."

"We have no wood to be sawed."

"Well," replied the tramp: "let me draw some water for you. I fairly love to draw water, and I know how to do it with the alacrity of the antelope. Why, some years ago I put out a fire. I got to the fire ahead of the engine, and put the whole business out before any of the firemen were out of bed. I had nothing but a quart-measure to haul the water in, and had to carry it a hundred yards. Besides this, the measure leaked. Will you let me fetch yonder brook up here and put it in the well for you?"

"No, sir; I don't want any water hauled."

"Well, that's all right; I am trying to find out what you *do* want. If you don't want any water hauled, or wood sawed, perhaps you will give me a show at the flower-beds. I tell you, if there is anything I like, it is to make flower-beds. I can make designs of Washington on his horse, and Hannibal crossing the Alps, and many other figures. Besides, I know the language of flowers by heart. If you will fetch out the utensils, I will reduce your estate to flower-beds before the sun gilds yon distant hills."

"I have already engaged a gardener," responded the lady.

"Don't you want your pump fixed?"

"The pump is not out of order."

"Would you like me to step inside and see if your pictures are properly hung?" persisted the tramp.

"No, sir."

"May I feed your chickens, or mend your fence?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any old clothes that are not gaudy? My vest is badly broken in the back."

"I have no old clothes."

"Do you want your carpets beaten?"

"No."

"Do you want some verses written in your autograph-album?"

"No."

"Do you want the piano tuned?"

"No."

"Then what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the lady.

"Can't I go down to the butcher's and order your meat for you?"

"No."

"Don't you want any whitewashing done? I can whitewash anything from a back-fence to an unfortunate bank president or Congressman. May I do your whitewashing?"

"No."

"Then adieu!"

The servant closed the door. The tramp hobbled down the road a little way and soliloquized.

"My occupation's gone; I'm done up for ever. A month ago I was great. Now I am nobody. Alas, poor me—poor Wiggins, the Weather-Prophet!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HER PLEA.

The *Rocky Mountain Herald* prints what it terms "A Plea for Lady Journalists." All the "lady journalists" we know of make their pleas for themselves. And each plea is something like this:

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You will confer a great favor on a destitute family by accepting the inclosed poem. My mother is in the last stages of *elephantiasis calceolaria*, and my little sister is crying for bread. I am at present greatly in need of a new overskirt and a bottle of bandoline. Please send check as soon and as large as possible, and oblige,

Yours,

MIRANDA MILLEFLEURS.

"THE POINT OF VIEW."



"REDUCED TO TWO DOLLARS—HUMPH! DON'T SEE ANYTHING 'MARK-ABLE 'BOUT THAT! I'M 'DUCED TO NUFFIN'!"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXIII.

DUDES.



Ya-as, the othah day, while I was smoking wathah vigorwously a Weina Victorwia, a verwy eccentwic fellow with whom I have a slight aw acquaintance gwavitated toward me and said:

"Aw Mr. Fitznoodle, have you the slightest ide-ah what a dude is?"

I gazed at him with suppressed astonishment depicted in my countenance, and weplied that I nevah wemembahed hearing the expwession.

Mrs. Fitznoodle then interrupted us, and observed that during the last few aw months she had heard several young ladies who are supposed to be in society he-ah wefer to "dudes," and she found invarwibly that they meant objectionable young sparks.

"Ah," said my fwiend: "I see, then, that the word is curwent. I shall pwceed to explain what is its pwecise meaning."

I was obliged to listen out of me-ah politeness, although I had not asked faw the information. Besides, I don't see how it can be a pwopah English word wecognized in our set, because I nevah heard of its being aw used at home, ye know.

"A dude," this fellow said: "is not pwecisely a dandy, nor a fop, nor a snob, nor a cad, but he has something of the qualities of all of these. He is generwally young. When he is ovah twenty-five or twenty-six, it would scarcely be pwopah to call him a dude; he is then fast qualifying himself faw a fool. The

pwincipah feachah that betways the dude is his dwess. It is always verwy smooth, verwy tight, verwy pwim—the exact wepwoduction of the colored illuwtrations of the fashions that tailahs publish everwy month.

"The dude has his hai-ah hanging like a fwinge ovah his forehead. He we-ahs a verwy stiff collah completely encircling his neck. His hat is much too large faw him, while his coat is widiculously small and short, and is buttoned high up and extwemely tightly. He has a pwactice of sticking out his elbows, and one wondahs how he can evah manage to sit down in the skin-fitting twousahs that he we-ahs."

"Ya-as," I bwoke in, aftah I had listened attentively: "I entirely compwehend. I know the species of cweachah you allude to. He is pwincipally to be found in the Fifth Avenue, in the neighborhood of the Knickerbocker Club. It is almost impossible to be in erwah wegarding him; faw if his dwess is not too *puvonomé*, there is an air of consciousness about him and an aw affectation of speech that at once pwoclaim him a "dude." Poor fellows, I think of them maw in sorwow than in angah aw.

FULL SOON the merry wren
Will be singing in the glen,
And a-flying through the heaven's purple vaults;
And the ducklets in a flock
On the pond will gaily rock,
And old Bock will be the emperor of malts.

Blue were her eyes, her neck was veined in blue;
And, oh so sweet she was that all the summer
I sit and moan her absence—for a plumber
Charmed her from me, and left me but to rue.
So since, to win the shining pistareen
Played Judas she, my beautiful Corinne,
My spirits also are, as may be seen,
Ultramarine. E. W.

HALLOWED MEMORIES.

I am very fond of art.

At one time I studied painting.

That was a long time ago.

I was very successful as a painter.

I painted a great many two-thousand-dollar pictures; but I never sold any.

My most justly admired picture was called "Sunset at Venice." It was a very fine work, I can assure you. The critics all went wild over it. They agreed that I must have been inspired—by Satan.

It was the last picture I painted before I left Antwerp.

That was the reason I left Antwerp.

My family wanted me to abandon art and become a missionary.

I had an uncle who was a missionary, and my parents wanted to apprentice me to him. He was a nice, kind, benevolent old gentleman; but the heathens served him shabbily—they served him on toast.

This reminds me that men have different ambitions.

Some men want to be policemen; some want to become undertakers.

For my part, I wouldn't care to be either. I would rather be president of a bank.

Women have different ambitions, too.

Some want to be ladies in society; some want to vote; some want to be married; some want to be divorced; but none of them want to be old maids.

This recalls a hallowed memory of love.

Ah, she was a sweet, gentle creature, with eyes like pansies, and a fond, confiding nature. She isn't as young as she was then, but she says she is.

We used to wander together by the brook-side, when the moon was sprinkling its silver on the sleeping flowers, and the murmurs of the distant cascade seemed like tender symphonies from the lotus-land of love.

Please excuse the poetry; I can't help it.

I remember, once, she asked me if I would like her to sing me "Love's Request." I said yes, if it wasn't ice-cream or caramels.

Ah, I can never forget the look she gave me; it was so different from the tender glances she treated me to when I held her little hand in mine beneath the twinkling stars that bloomed like dollar-diamonds.

Said I, meaning to calm her:

"You have great feat—"

"Sir!" she replied, drawing herself out to her full length, like an accordion.

"I say you have great features—features that are lovely to gaze upon."

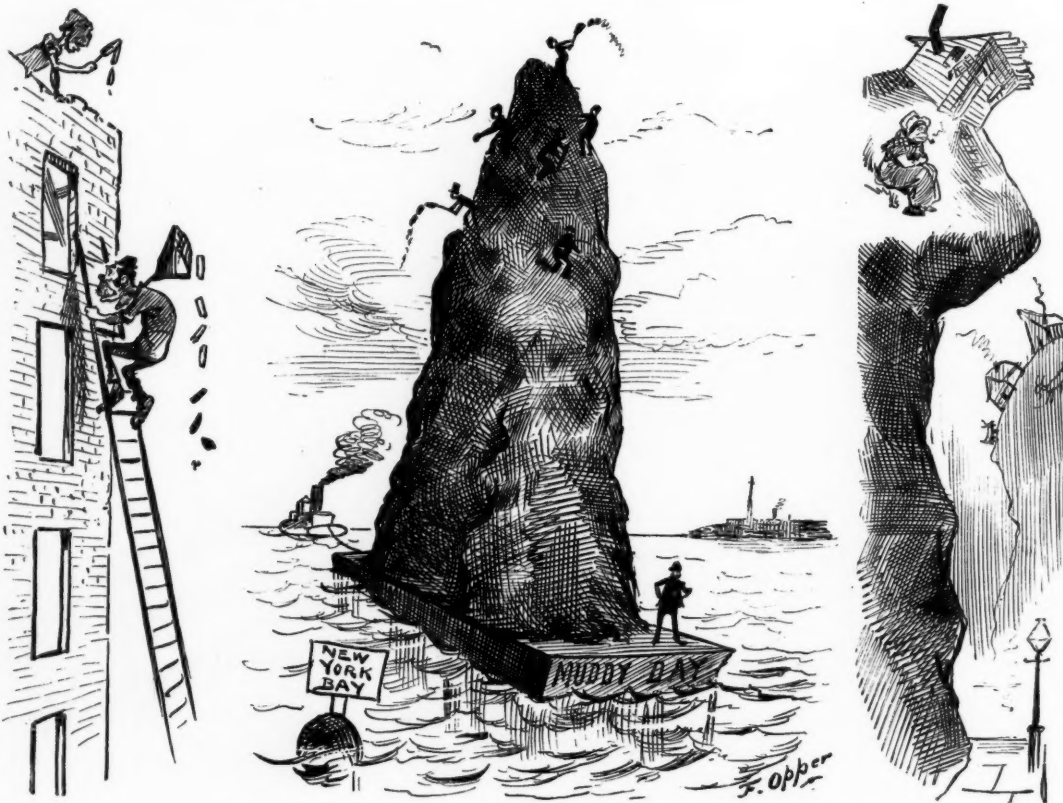
And before I could utter another word, she smiled upon me so sweetly that I invited her to go to the circus that very night.

BLESSED is he that hath a clean shirt on, for he may wear his vest unbuttoned.

THE EDITOR wrote a criticism on "Progress and Poverty," and the compositor set it up "Progress and Poetry." But the book reviewer did not get mad, because, he said, it was just the same thing.

WHAT DO YOU WANT—THE EARTH?

"Put the Irish in high positions, and they will do their work nobly!" Extract from Senator Ecclesine's Speech.



IT SEEMS TO US THAT WE HAVE PUT THE IRISH IN ENOUGH "HIGH POSITIONS" ALREADY.

THE TOWN TERRIER.



The other day, while promenading in the Beekman Street shot-tower, whom should I meet but old Peter Cooper? Our conversation took a political turn.

"What nonsense it is to talk about George Washington's being the father of his country and the first President of the United States!" the old man said: "It's nothing of the sort. The first President was Brian Boru, of Ireland. I remember him distinctly, especially as I nominated him myself at the Chicago Republican Convention of 1642."

Peter Cooper is right.

Bob Ingersoll, Ex-Senator Dorsey and myself had a discussion, last night, as to whether Jupiter was or was not a mythical personage. We all came to the conclusion that he was not, which is certainly a great triumph for old Jupe.

Two or three days ago, while walking through the light-house at Sandy Hook, I met my old friend and class-mate, Secor Robeson.

"Good-morning, Seek," said I, pleasantly. You know he was always called "Seek" by the boys at school.

"Good-morning," he replied, with an affable smile.

"I suppose you are down here looking for the late U. S. Navy?" I ventured to remark.

"Oh no," he replied.

"I thought you might be," I said: "and I was just going to offer you my private microscope."

This naturally turned the conversation to the subject of sea-songs. I ventured to mention Dibdin as having done some rousing good work in this line, when Secor said:

"Did you ever hear of any of my marine business?"

"None except your manipulation of our so-called navy. You manipulated that pretty well. I understand you have taken the navy up to your farm, and converted it into hen-coops, and that the fowls fly in and out of the port-holes and perch on the rigging."

Before the old sea-dog could reply, Susan B. Anthony came in, and asked him to step out and have a game of croquet.

It is not generally known why oysters are eaten only during the months supplied with an R. I believe that I am the only person living who can throw any light on the subject; indeed, it is I myself who am responsible for the existence of this curious custom. His Majesty the late William the Fourth was, it is well known, very fond of oysters; but during the summer months the Royal supply was cut short by the rapacity of the vulgar populace, who, during the summer, used to devour so many bivalves that the market was depleted.

"Bill," said I to His Majesty one day at Eel-Pie Island: "why don't you get up an oyster scare and frighten these people out of eating oysters during the summer months?"

"The very thing, dear boy!" cried the delighted monarch. And before the sun had set we had agreed upon the "R" test, and had given orders to the First Assistant Deputy Sub-Basement Lord High Marquis of the Back Stairs that the scare should be industriously propagated among the vulgar herd.

Sitting astride of the buoy in the Lower Bay, the other day, my thoughts flew back to the dear old days when Jim Blaine and I went to school together. Jim was a clever boy; but I was a cleverer. I remember one day

somebody had put some shoe-maker's wax on the teacher's chair, and he had just got a pine-wood slab and wanted to know who had done it. I was certain that Jim Blaine would say it was I—which would have been the only time he had ever told the truth during my acquaintance with him—so I slyly dipped a paper wad in the mucilage and let it drive at his head. He picked it up to throw back, and got his hands sticky. This told against him on the subsequent investigation, and the teacher introduced him to the lumber. Jim has never forgotten that day, and I really believe it is only fear of my political influence which has made him promise me the Collectorship of the Port in case he is ever elected President.

PUCK IN PORKOPOLIS.

CINCINNATI, March 17th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please pardon me if I attempt to broach of something not in your regular routine of work, but nevertheless you may be benefited. The social club, called The Allemania Society, of this city, composed of the respectable Jewish people of this place, give a yearly masquerade, and I, being a member of this club, have decided to personate the character of PUCK, such as you have it in your weekly. Now, if I could obtain some points from you, I think we both could derive some benefit.

I am small in stature, and by wearing pink tights and trunks, with swallow-tail coat and blonde, curly wig, carrying a quill of some kind with a banner, "What Fools We Mortals Be," on the handle, and by your instructions or information regarding the face I could make a big hit.

Hoping to be honored with a reply, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JULIUS KAUFMAN.

Mr. Kaufman, you do us an honor in your choice of a character for your grand masquerade act; but we don't see what we can do to help you. We haven't the ghost of a doubt that you will be a credit to PUCK, entirely unaided; it probably depends, so far as the legs are concerned, upon the present market price of cotton. We can only give you one small piece of advice—don't use sawdust. People—cruel, unfeeling people—will stick pins in your calves to see if you are real or celluloid, and it must be something awful to go waltzing through the giddy throng with a trail of wood-hash dripping from your fast depleting limbllets. We wish you success, all the same.

A SUGGESTION FOR A SOUTHERN SCARECROW.



"HI YAH! YOU BUH'DS, DON' YOU SPILE DEM WATER-MILLIONS!"

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



"Only a Farmer's Daughter" has once more found its way to Brooklyn—to HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. What Brooklyn would do without being regaled with "Only a Farmer's Daughter" at regular intervals we really do not know. At the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE, "The Long Strike" has succeeded Thatcher, Primrose & West's absolutely funny consolidated mammoth minstrels. Théo, the Gallic voiceless bouffist, reappeared in New York on Monday night, at the CASINO, as *Rose Michon*, in "la Jolie Parfumeuse," which will be repeated on Thursday evening and at the Saturday matinée, "les Cloches de Corneville" and "la Timbale d'Argent" being distributed among the other days of the week.

It is not improbable—indeed, it is more than likely—that "Never Too Late to Mend" will be played next week at BOOTH'S THEATRE, while "The Corsican Brothers" will once more renew its lease of life at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, succeeding the stupid melodrama, "The Black Flag." During April, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison's comedy, entitled "A Russian Honeymoon," is to be played at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. In the meantime "Young Mrs. Winthrop" will go on as usual. It must still be remembered that these are the last nights.

A new nautical opera was performed at Henderson's STANDARD THEATRE on Saturday night. They call it "The Lass That Loved a Sailor." Some of the airs are quite tuneful; but what there is of plot is highly strained and improbable. The great difficulty about "7-20-8," at DALY'S THEATRE, is that the house is not large enough to hold all who want to see the most amusing play on the New York stage.

Lovers of opera conducted on proper American principles are waiting impatiently for Mr. Abbey to take the helm of the new up-town opera house, as military-cockney management is not conducive either to the happiness or satisfaction of the people. Nilsson's first warble circus took place last Monday—the next one is to come off on Thursday—while "The Mascot" is now making audiences happy at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

People don't seem yet to have had enough of Mr. J. K. Emmet, who is now at NIBLO'S GARDEN, doing his everlasting "Fritz." If there is wit or excellence in this entertainment, we frankly confess it is beyond our ken.

Answers for the Anxious.

J. H. P.—Nice, but not new.

S. A. MILLER, RALEIGH, N. C.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—Her Easter bonnet appropriation bill is passed.

723½ CORRESPONDENTS.—No more Wiggins literature wanted.

W. S. WOOD.—Send on your documents, and we will cast our eagle eye over them and see if there is anything in our line.

JOS. STRETCH.—Come on with your blood-curdling information about the Whiskey-Vinegar Ring. We didn't know that there was a Whiskey-Vinegar Ring; but if there is, we want to get right on it. We are good for any number of Whiskey-Vinegar Rings.



OFFICE OF 'PUCK' 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE COMING CONFLAGRATION IN T



JOIN THE EUROPEAN FOREST.

THE STELLAR SCOOT TRIAL.

General Shady now appeared on the stand. He considered that he was a competent officer, and wondered why fault should have been found with him.

MR. HISS.—“Now, General Shady, tell me why you were so anxious for Colorado to have the blessing of fast mails.”

GENERAL SHADY.—“Because Colorado was booming, and my heart goes out to all States that are booming. It's a weakness of mine. Have been troubled with it since childhood. You see, Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I felt that the money that Congress appropriated for the transportation of mails would not be sufficient to enable me to do my duty by Colorado. It was my duty to do my duty, and I did my duty, as became an American citizen and Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Was I to distribute appropriations among bloated railroad monopolies and add thousands of dollars to their ill-gotten gains? Was I to encourage the labor-saving locomotive and assist in crushing the unfortunate individual earner of his daily bread? Perish the thought! Let me give my support to the horny-handed contractor, with his swift, high-kicking mule, his gossamer T-cart and his 2:14½ trotters. Thus every citizen can get his letters direct, without their having to go to large towns first. I would like to see a separate mail service for each inhabitant of the West. That's the kind of Second Assistant Postmaster-General and Stellar Scoot patriot I am.”

MR. HISS.—“Tell us, General Shady, what mode of proceeding you adopted in order to carry out your views.”

GENERAL SHADY.—“When it was noised abroad that my sympathies were with Colorado, hundreds of fellow-sympathizers flocked to my office, where a regular matinee was held daily. The best and wisest in the land, including Congressmen, waited on me for the purpose of giving advice, and I took all I could get. Some of the Congressmen were very anxious that I should do as they requested me; and, seeing that they were members of Congress, I didn't see very well how I could refuse. ‘Colorado must be encouraged,’ I said. Then I set to work immediately to increase its mail facilities. If there was one trip to a place, I made it twenty-five. If twenty-five, I made it, by a mere stroke of the pen, two hundred and fifty, and so on. I'm a very obliging man. The increase in the trips always caused an increase in the expenditure; but the Great West gained by it in the end. When I had done all these things, I sat down in the consciousness of having deserved well of my country. Nothing came into my pocket or the pockets of the friends of the contractors.”

MR. HISS.—“But were not you to get thirty-three per cent of the profits on these extra routes?”

GENERAL SHADY.—“No, sir; there were no profits, so how could I receive thirty-three per cent of what didn't exist?”

The Court then adjourned.

WHY HE SHOULDN'T.



A short time ago, a young man wrote to our E. C. the *Sun*, to inquire whether or no he should “marry a young woman who is studying medicine, and who will not consent to discard her profession after marriage.”

And the *Sun*, gentle reader, the *Sun*, the trustworthy old authority on all questions of love and courtship—the *Sun* said blandly: “Why not?—why shouldn't he marry her?”

“Why shouldn't he, O *Sun*? Why shouldn't he? Well, we'll tell you why. We'll tell you several whys. We will just picture to you some of the joys that are in store for that young man if he sets out to marry and does marry the young woman with a profession.

Suppose they have reached that point in the game where he asks her to name the day. She will draw out her ivory tablets, put her taper finger reflectively to her alabaster forehead and say:

“Let me see—clinic every Wednesday—excision of the knee-joint on the 7th—two amputations due along about the 9th—both the Robinson twins with the measles—h'm—h'm—well, dear, the earliest date we can make is the 10th of next month, and we shall have to hurry back from our trip, or I shall miss the neatest thing in tracheotomy that has been done in New York in years—comes off on the 21st—Bellevue, you know—I'll take you to see it, Ducky, if you think your nerves are strong enough.”

Now, that's a pleasant answer to that delightful question, isn't it? Do you think, O liberal-minded E. C., that a man relishes that sort of introduction to the joys of married life?

And now suppose he is married, and off on his wedding-trip, and they are sitting in the drawing-room car in the gloaming, and her head

is resting on his manly shoulder, and the Wagner conductor comes along and tells her that she must come into the emigrant-car forward and look after the ailments of an Irish family with several cases of colic among the flock, and she goes, and sends back word to her husband by a vaccinated man that she suspects a case of small-pox and that she thinks they had better remain separate for a few days. Think he'll revel in that sort of thing, eh, E. C.?



And now suppose the trip is over, and the young couple are quietly quartered in a cozy little home, and it is about ten o'clock in the evening. The tea-kettle is singing by the fire, the hot toast has just been served, the husband is pouring out the whiskey for his own private and particular hot night-cap, and they are sitting down to a quiet domestic evening, wherein, as the tea and grog warm the cockles of the two hearts that beat as one, they will talk over the little incidents of their courtship and try, for the thousandth time, to find out which loved the other first—well, there is a ring at the door-bell, and in comes the servant to say that Mrs. Dr. Smith must go at once to assist Miss Dr. Jones in a most important operation. And then the happy husband has to get down on his knees, and hunt through cabinet drawers and lockers to pick out a lot of horrible knives and scissors and tweezers and jig-saws and adzes and other instruments that dance before the poor devil's eyes all through his dreams that night.

For Mrs. Dr. Smith—or Dr. Mrs. Smith, or whatever she likes to call herself, comes home in the morning, worn out, sleepy, looking like Hecuba at the sack of Troy, and she finds her husband preparing for his daily toil by trying to eat such a breakfast as their undisciplined cook sees fit to give him. That husband ought to be happy, oughtn't he, dear *Sun*?

No, most venerated E. C., you are wrong, very wrong, this time. The “Independent Woman” is a fine product of our modern civilization; she is a necessity, and a necessity to be respected; but, as a wife, she is no improvement on the plain old style of “Dependent Woman” who has hitherto shared her husband's labors, brought up his children and endowed the world with the institution which we know by the name of Home—and who will probably continue, for some time to come, to fulfill her modest ambition and leave the laurels of science to those of her sex who are willing to give up the joys and the duties of domestic life.

WE UNDERSTAND that the Vanderbilt Grain Elevator has been purchased by a stock company, and that it will, in future, be devoted to a growing industry. The industry is the construction of jokes for the minstrel stage and circus-ring, and the organization is to be known as the Modern and Antique Minstrel and Circus-Ring Joke Desiccating Company, limited.

THIS is the time of the year when the small boy steals some paint and illuminates a bench. It is also the time of the year that a man comes along in his finest clothes and sits on the bench.

CURRENT COMMENT.

POVERTY OF INVENTION—Being Unable to Take Out a Patent.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS: "The proper way to make a wedding present is to give something that costs ten dollars and looks as though it cost thirty."

ONE REASON why March is a good month in which to plant seeds, is because all the hens are becalmed on eggs, and never think of going forth to have a good, old-fashioned scratch at the ground.

IT IS now that the landscape-painter who has a splendid eye for color stands, overcome with rapture, in front of the clothing store in whose window are numbers of picturesque suits at seven dollars and a half each.

"NEVER LAUGH at the misfortune of others" is a very pretty motto; but who can help laughing at the full-dressed dude who steps off a horse-car in the wrong direction, whirls around as though dropped off a cork-screw, and measures his gracious self on the crossing?

THERE IS a barber shop not far from here where the operators are all deaf-mutes. But they can tell you your hair is falling out and that you ought to buy some pomade, in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, so painfully well that only men who can't understand the signs go there to be shaved.

THE HEN is frequently mother to the duck; but never attempt to stop up a window-pane with a St. Patrick plug hat.

'Tis now that hookey's played,
And soon the blue-eyed maid
Will take a little spade
And in the wooded glade
Or morass
Dig sassafras.

IN THE French Chamber of Deputies the Count de Maillé was called to order for styling M. Waldeck-Rousseau "a calumniator." It strikes us that they are getting mighty particular in France. Next there'll be objections made to Congressmen and New York Aldermen calling one another liars.

PATRICK'S DAY.

Flaunt your green and walk away,
March and shout for Patrick's Day;
What care you for the starving call
That comes from far-off Donegal?
Bring out the hats of mighty size,
The pride of "darlin'" Bridget's eyes;
Don your emerald scarfs and shout,
And dare the Lion to "come out."
Hold out your hands and beg for aid,
But don't postpone your great parade;
Roar and march in grand array,
While your brothers are starving far away.
Flaunt your green and walk away,
"Howld your holt" on Patrick's Day,
And never heed the dying call
That comes from far-off Donegal. ANON.

ABOUT WEATHER-PROPHETS.

The prophet is not an extinct bird, neither is it one which has but just chipped the shell of evolution in these later days. There have been prophets in all ages. As long ago as the very venerable ancients wrote in ponderous prose and interminable hexameters, there were prophets—oracles they called them—who sat on three-legged milking-stools and delivered, after much coaxing, such dark sayings that people could never tell whether they came true or not. This, by-the-way, is the crowning attainment of the accomplished prophet—to say things in such a way that nobody can tell, in the end, whether he is right or not. This is where weather-prophets fail.

But what is a weather-prophet?

A weather-prophet is a prophet who thinks that he has got the bulge on the weather, vulgarly speaking. He doesn't sit on a three-legged stool, and he doesn't deliver dark sayings; but nevertheless he is a prophet. His way of doing things is somewhat like this: He takes a little note-book and he makes a little record of the weather for, say, six months—this day pleasant; this day beautiful; this day fair; this day clouded; this day drizzly, this day rain, snow, slush, blizzard, storm, red-hot, blazing, etc. Then he turns his pencil upside down, in the winter, and says:

"Well, here's a lot of spring days in this column. Spring is coming. Now I will choose, say, the—the eleventh of next March for my key-day. I will shut my eyes, swing my pencil in a circle three times, and then jab down with it. Where the butt rests, that is to be the weather for that day."

He shuts his eyes, and jabs. When lifting the reversed end of the pencil, he reads:

"Great storm to-day. Lots of clothes-lines stripped."

"Very good," he says: "storm it is, but it mustn't be a local storm; that won't pay. I guess I will put it into the papers, 'Great destructive storm along the whole coast and inland. People who have ships and clothes out will do well to buy one of my almanacs, and then they will know exactly when to take 'em in.'"

This is the way the weather-prophet gets the bulge on the weather. It doesn't make any difference to him whether the storm comes or not, he has sold just so many almanacs and his pockets stick out for fatness.

Well, now, suppose that the weather-prophet, instead of being bogus, was a true prophet. Suppose he sat on a three-legged stool; suppose he said things darkly, in this wise: "For the middle States fair weather with local rains, northwest to southeast winds, and rising or falling barometer."

He would be a genuine oracle, but he wouldn't sell many almanacs. No; what the people want is a man with a very large bump of veracity on the same side with a very large cheek. They don't care a shuck what the weather turns out to be—they want a man that knows all about it beforehand.

There is all the difference in the world between a natural prognosticator of the weather and a professional weather-prophet. The former only guesses what the weather is going to be to-morrow—anybody can do that; the latter knows just what it is going to be six weeks hence. The people will pay liberally for this kind of knowledge.

It is worth something to know when we are going to have a big storm, whether it comes or not. Tut! these little shot-gun guessers aren't the fellows we want to hear from.

Give us a long-range, infallible, rifle-barreled prophet, who scorns to scatter small conjectures over large targets at short distances, but is always ready to project a single compact

THE RIVAL GOVERNORS.



NO LONGER "NECK AND NECK."

IN THE SPRING,

When one feels relaxed, is tired all the time and don't take much stock in anything, remember, a good Ginger Tea, (spoonful,) sweetened to the taste, and made with hot (boiling,) water, will add to your back-bone, and make you take interest in life—remembering, always, that the Genuine, Old-fashioned Brown's Ginger is the Original Ginger, and is guaranteed by the manufacturer and owner as solely made for more than 50 Years by

FREDERICK BROWN,
Philadelphia.

LITTLE grains of sand scattered along the shores of the mighty oceans or over the pleasant land are not of much importance, but when a couple of quarts of them are collected and placed in an old stocking in the hands of a Chicago sand-bagger, they become one of the most convincing of arguments, and some of Chicago's greatest men have bowed to their ponderous power and force.—*Peck's Sun*.

THE smartest book-agent lives in Philadelphia. He stationed himself in front of the hall where Joseph Cook was lecturing, and, as the bewildered audience came out, succeeded in getting orders for five hundred copies of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, complete in two hundred and fifty parts.—*Philadelphia News*.

A CAREFUL estimate by an English statistician shows that one English bullet out of every hundred hit an Egyptian during the recent war. The English troops were evidently trying to beat the score made by the American rifle team in the international match last summer.—*Norristown Herald*.

HEREAFTER no patent-medicine can be sold in Italy unless its precise composition is stated. It will be difficult for the makers to do this if they use city water.—*Lowell Citizen*.

MOST of the present Governors of the Southern States are going to run for re-election, but the State Treasurers generally run for Mexico.—*Hawkeye*.

There are good, pious, temperance men who will take all the whiskey compounds named "wine," "line," "fo fun," "tum," &c., and keep on groaning and limping round with no relief, who will stand aghast with horror at a pure anti-whiskey reliable remedy and certain cure because it is named *Hop Bitters*.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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"St. Jacobs Oil gave instantaneous relief. A remarkable remedy."

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"I consider St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy."

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"I do not see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."

HON. LEONARD SWETT, THE GREAT LAWYER OF THE NORTHWEST, CHICAGO, ILL:

"Certainly St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy I have ever known."

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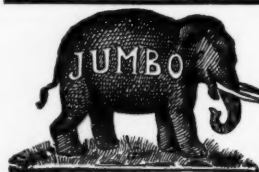


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THE only legal marriages in France are those performed by the Mayor. In America we give the ministers a chance, because the Mayors are too frequently busy in going around among the gin-mills working up a re-election.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

A SAVINGS bank cashier in Maryland was bitten by a mad dog last summer, and has just died. Friends of the dog ask a suspension of public opinion until the bank accounts can be investigated.—*San Francisco Post*.

CORRESPONDENTS of the New York Sun are discussing the question: "Can a man marry on ten dollars a week?" He can not, if the girl is aware of the amount of his income.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

ONE-TENTH of the money which has been expended in bringing John Howard Payne's remains home would have been sufficient to have induced him to remain in this country.—*Philadelphia News*.

A RECENT dictate of fashion is important to all married men. It is that small checks will be *en regle* for spring and summer silk dresses. It generally takes such large checks.—*Hartford Evening Post*.

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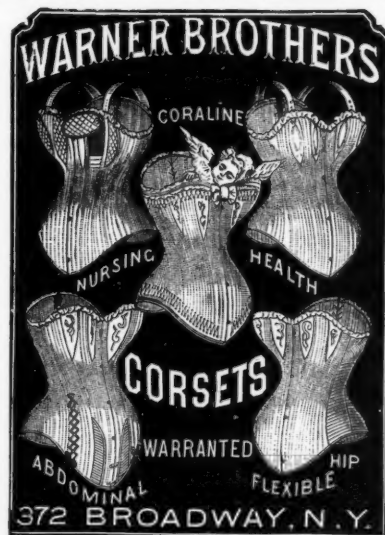
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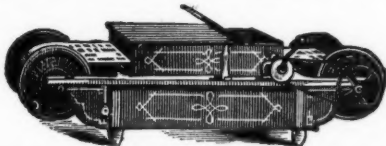
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THE New York Herald publishes a diagram showing that there are 175 lager-beer saloons and 76 rum shops in a district less than a mile square. This number ought to be enough to supply the demand—unless the district is overwhelmingly Democratic.—Norristown Herald.

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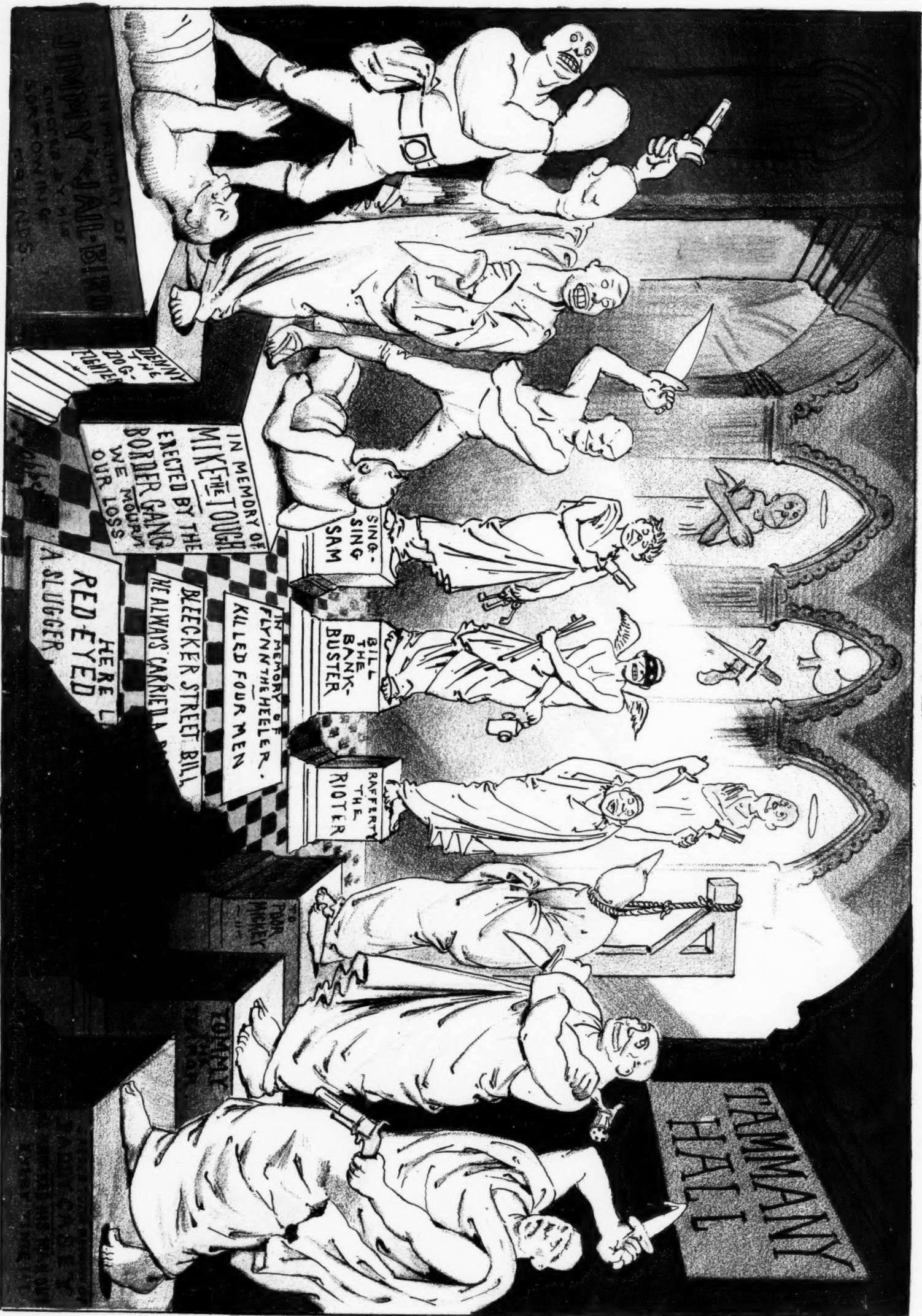
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